

THE CHANUTE TIMES.

C. B. NATION, Editor and Prop'r.

CHANUTE, KANSAS.

KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Harper county poultry show was a decided success.

Rabbits are said to be numerous in western Kansas this year.

The Well-Fargo Express Company's agent at Wichita was fined for having quails in his possession.

The Santa Fe telegraph department has now a larger force in its employ than at any time in the history of the road. Extra dispatchers and operators are kept busy at the principal division points, and many of the smaller stations are now in charge of operators. The heavy business still continues, and even after the holidays, when a general lull usually occurs among the railroads, Santa Fe officials do not anticipate a big reduction in the telegraph force.

In a suit for possession of what is known as Leavenworth island in the Missouri river, opposite Leavenworth, a jury in the Platte county circuit court decided in favor of the plaintiff, David Atchison, against defendant Vinton Stillings. This decision holds that Atchison is the owner of the island through patent title from the government obtained many years ago. The suit was the result of Stillings' action in taking possession of the island, containing 1,000 acres, and claiming title on the theory of accretion to his land on the Missouri shore.

Mary is the 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Perdue, of Neosho Falls. The Perdues had been deepening their well and had put in a new wall. The curb had not been securely fastened since the improvement had been made. Mrs. Perdue went to the well to draw a bucket of water, when the frame work pulled over and little Mary was jerked into the well, falling a distance of 40 feet. She rose to the top of the water entirely uninjured, and, with rare presence of mind for one so young, grasped the rope attached to the bucket and sustained herself until rescued.

"There is no tariff on rabbit and liver, and on this diet we expect to live fat this winter," says the editor of the Westphalia Times. If anyone should really accuse himself of being reduced to a diet of beef liver and rabbit it would make him mad enough to chew a hole in the air. A good many Kansas editors appear to derive considerable comfort from enlarging on their poverty, says the Topeka Capital. Recently one was bewailing the fact that he could have no turkey on Thanksgiving; and but a short time previous a luncheon was held in his room where the society side lights were turned on in a particularly gorgeous manner.

The Santa Fe coach shops have an order for eight new baggage cars 60 feet long and without platforms and no end doors. It has been decided that the platforms on baggage cars are necessarily weak and in a wreck they are generally crushed to pieces. To do away with platforms will be a great saving in the repairing besides making additional space in the car. Express is carried in the cars and by doing away with the end doors and making the entrances on the sides it will make the defense against train robbers much more effective. By having no platforms it will do away with the "bums" on the blind baggage, though this is not taken into consideration in making the change.

A man at Wellington the other day was sitting on a hen coop. The wind blew the coop from under him and he fell down on the ground with a chug.

The corn crop in Kansas this year turned out much better than was expected. In fact some of the northern counties yielded a better crop than ever.

In Jackson township, Sumner county, resides a young giant in the person of Otto Omo. He is just 10 years old and is 4 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds.

The order of James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, making it unlawful for a railroad to keep live stock in transit for more than 28 hours, caused trouble at the Emporia stock yards recently. The yardmaster received instructions to rigidly enforce this order. A Mr. Stewart tried to keep 28 loads on the move after they had been on the road for 28 hours. He insisted that the stock should not be unloaded. The sheriff was called, but before he arrived Mr. Stewart weakened and the stock was fed.

Speaking of the proposed cut in the price of type-writers, the Atchison Champion knows of a man whose type-writer cost him \$2,000.

The 32 Kansas stockholders of the Santa Fe own less than a third of a mile of the road. There are 20 stockholders in Kansas. Of this number 12 persons own 324 shares of common stock, valued at \$32,400, the par value being \$100 per share. Eight persons own 17 shares of preferred stock, making the total amount of stock in Kansas reach the value of \$34,100.

A "lady painless dentist" is doing a big business at Larned.

"Over the hills to the poor house" as now played in Kansas is a comedy.

The McPherson college is about out of debt and many students are enrolling.

An abundance of all kinds of fruits were raised in the Sunflower state this year.

Many Kansas papers contain notices of emigrant trains bound for Oklahoma.

A show in northern Kansas admits adults free but charges an admission for children.

Within a distance of five blocks some boys in Wellington have killed fifty rabbits. They raked \$1.50 out of the county treasury for scalps.

Nearly every Kansan will now willingly confess that when wheat jumped ninety cents the first time, he expected it to drop back to sixty cents in a few days.

A Kansas farmer looked up on the wall and studied the old motto: "In God we Trust," then he said to his wife: "Maria, I wonder if the India people have those signs, too."

It would make Andree awfully hot if he could know that Buffalo Jones is trying to divide public attention with him by disappearing in the same part of the world and at the same time.

On account of the malignant type of scarlet fever that has been prevailing in Wichita, the board of health has ordered that no student of the city schools who has had the disease since the opening of the present year, be admitted to the buildings, and no pupil having the fever now should be admitted under six weeks.

It has just been divulged that many of the society young women of Topeka serve wine to their guests. Think of it. Kansas for many years has been flooded with a book showing three stages of man: First, a girl giving her fellow a sip of wine. Second, the fellow standing at the bar. Third, the same fellow wallowing in the gutter.

A camp of Gypsies is holding forth in Cowley county. Gypsies appeared in Europe first in the fifteenth century. They were people driven out of India by the Mohammedans, that is Buddhist Hindus. When the Kansas farmer sees a Gypsy he sees the brother of the fellows over in India that are suffering for the benefit of his wheat crop.

Ira F. Hodson, a lawyer of Manateo, is believed to have been the victim of assassins. A week ago the body was found in the thick brush of the river bottom, the hands and feet tied, and two bullet holes through the head. The body has been identified as that of Hodson by friends in southern California from a photograph of the murdered man. He has been missing since the day before the murder.

Under the provisions of the law creating and establishing the state reformatory at Hutchinson the superintendent of the institution is required, when a convict is sentenced to the reformatory, to go after him and escort him to the place of his confinement. This duty has ordinarily devolved upon sheriffs and some of them still insist upon taking their own prisoners to Hutchinson and charging up the expenses and mileage to the state. These emoluments belong to the superintendent exclusively and desiring to protect his rights Superintendent Case asked Mr. Boyle for a legal opinion in the matter and the attorney general held that sheriffs have no rights in these matters and that the responsibility and the fees rest entirely with superintendent.

It is claimed that there are more self-reliant and self-supporting young women in Kansas than in any state of the Union, population considered.

Miss Rosa Packard of Pleasanton, the "wheat queen" of Rush county, raised 4,000 bushels of wheat this year. She teaches a county school in the winter.

W. H. Haskell of Gaylord, the cattle feeder of Smith county, is feeding about 400 head of export cattle this winter. Many of them at this time will weigh 2,000 pounds.

The Santa Fe railway company has a new compressed air paint machine. The machine shoots the paint onto the roof of a depot.

An Atchison baby has been admitted to practice before the supreme court of Kansas. Kansas is becoming entirely too brilliant. She will spontaneously combust.

A western Kansas paper says that a man out there chased a skunk through a driving rain storm and killed the skunk. He was ringing wet when he came back home.

The statement has been made that the governor, in calling a special session of the legislature, is required to give 30 days notice prior to the assembling of that body. This idea does not seem to be sustained by the constitution, which provides that the governor "may convene the legislature in extraordinary session by proclamation." Nothing is said concerning the notice which shall be given, and the general impression among the lawyers is that the legislature may be called together at a moment's notice.

A woman's club at Wellington is called the "Silent Ten." As Bill Shakespeare says, what's in a name.

In Kansas at least the enacting Claus has not been knocked out of Santa yet.

A southern Kansas man makes his living by polishing cow horns and making them into hat racks. He recently purchased 500 horns at one time.

A number of years ago Clay Henry of Butler county, deeded some land to the Missouri Pacific railroad in consideration of a pass for himself and wife for life. The pass was honored for a year or so and then called in. Mr. Henry sued and secured a judgment which gave the railroad the opportunity of renewing the pass or paying damages. Appeal was taken to the appellate court, where this judgment was reversed to the extent of sending the case back to the district court for a new trial. Mr. Henry has again secured judgment for the pass.

Frank Robbins, a 14-year-old school boy at Wichita, with some few school-mates tried to lynch Ward Fisher for slandering his sister. Fisher was called out of school and Robbins mounted his pony and threw a lariat rope at Fisher, who dodged it, but was caught by the arm and dragged 100 feet. Fisher's flesh was badly lacerated and he was left for dead. The teacher, Miss Burns, having cut the rope, knives were drawn by the pupils and only the pleadings of the teacher kept Fisher from being murdered. The excitement was so intense that school was dismissed. The matter has been referred to the school trustees for adjustment. Fisher's parents say they will bring suit.

Col. Francis Eaton of the St. L., K. & S. W. road said to a newspaper reporter recently that the proposed line would be built immediately. About all the necessary arrangements were completed. The iron has been purchased, also the ties and the bridge timbers. All of the right of way from Parker to Hunnewell has been secured and grading will be resumed next week and kept up until completed between Parker and Hunnewell. At present but three-quarters of a mile of grade is completed. It was stopped because of a slight difficulty in securing the right of way. Some of the farmers objected on giving the right of way and condemnation proceedings had to be resorted to in order to obtain it. But now that matter is settled and work on the proposed road will progress again. From Hunnewell to South Haven the Santa Fe will be used in making connection with the Anthony branch.

On January 1, the first report from H. S. Montgomery, watch inspector of the Santa Fe system, will be completed, and will give the rating of every watch used by trainmen on the road. This is the best system of watch inspecting on any road in the country. Every watch is tested in three positions, pendant up, dial down and dial up. The watch must not vary more than six seconds in these three positions. If it does, it is condemned, and the owner must either have it readjusted at the factory or get a new watch. The watches are rated and the report will show the ratings. After a watch is rated it is inspected and regulated once a month by some one of the 42 local inspectors. The work of rating the watches commenced June 1, 1896, and since that time about 2,500 watches have been rated. Very few run exactly, but occasionally there is one that will stand the 24 hour test and not vary a fraction. Up to the present time every division has been rated, and the few that were missed are being sent in and will be rated before January 1.

Sand from the Arkansas river is being shipped to Kansas City.

A young man in Doniphan county has a record of hawking and cribbing 101 bushels of corn a day standing to his credit.

In Lawrence jointists get stuck for \$500 and 30 days in jail. In Leavenworth saloons have openings on Sunday nights.

Atchison's finances are at such low ebb that the old town would be tickled all over to find a dollar in its stocking Christmas morning.

It needs to be impressed on some Kansas men that the times this year are no better for whittling dry goods boxes than they were last year.

The sugar beet experiments in Barton county this year not howling successes, but the farmers will try it again.

Miss Minnie Bell and Miss Laura Klein, both Wichita girls, made a race to the Cherokee Strip at the opening and secured claims. Miss Bell harvested this year 1,500 bushels of wheat and Miss Klein 1,000 bushels.

A Jewell county man last week marketed 60 hogs that averaged 400 pounds, receiving \$720 for them. This shows what the Jewell county farmers do with their immense crops of corn every year.

W. I. Church has tendered his resignation as chief clerk in the division freight office of the Santa Fe railway to become the general manager of the new Wichita street railway system. Mr. Church has been in the employ of the Santa Fe for 15 years and has never missed a day in all that time.

George Caulfield's Journey

By Miss A. E. Braddon.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Parminster was a rustic village seven miles from Grandchester. It did not lie in the direction affected by Grandchester merchants or Grandchester tradespeople. Here were no Gothic mansions, no fair Italian villas, springing like mushrooms from the soil—one year a confusion of lime and mortar tubs, stacked flooring boards, and rough hewn stone, and the next all smiling among geranium beds and ribbon-borders, velvet lawns and newly-planted shrubberies. None of the commercial wealth of Grandchester had found its way to Parminster. The village was still a village—a mere cluster of laborers' cottages, two or three old homesteads, and half a dozen small dwellings of a shabby-genteel type.

Among these last was Rose Cottage, a small square house, with plaster walls, bright with greenery and scarlet berries, even in this winter season. A bow window below, rustic lattice above. Just such a house as a man with considerable taste and inconsiderable income would choose for himself. The small garden in front of the bow window was in admirable order, yet the place had a deserted look somehow. Mr. Leworthy thought, as he rang the bell.

He rang once, twice, three times, with no more effect than if Rose Cottage had been a toy house inhabited by Dutch dolls. This was aggravating. There was a meadow on one side of the cottage, where half a dozen sheep were browsing contentedly. The vicar climbed the hurdle which divided this pasture from Lawson Lane, and went around to the back of the cottage. Here there was a small garden, neatly and tastefully laid out, but there was no more appearance of human life at the back of the house than in the front.

"I suppose my gentleman comes home at night and lets himself in with a latch key," the vicar said to himself.

He was climbing the hurdle on his return to the lane, when a small girl, in a very short skirt—a girl of timid aspect, carrying a beer jug—dropped him a courtesy, and said:

"Please, sir, was it you a-ringing of that bell just now?"

"Was it me?" ejaculated the vicar, impatiently. "Yes, it was."

And, then, smiling on the small girl, for he had a heart large enough for ever so many parishes of children, he said:

"I am not vexed with you, my dear; I am angry with Fate. Tell me all you know about that cottage, and I'll give you half a crown."

The girl gasped. She had never possessed a half crown, but she had an idea it meant abundance. Her father counted his wages by half crowns, and there were not many in a week's wage.

"Please, sir, Mr. Foy lived there with his sister, but they've left."

"Oh, they've left, have they? When did they leave?"

"Last Monday, sir, and the lady was very ill, sir, and he took her away in a cab."

"And Mr. Foy has not been back since?"

"No, sir. He left for good, and he gave the key of the cottage to my mother, and the agent is to put up a board next week, and the house is to be let. It was took furnished, and is to be let furnished again."

"Did they live quite alone? Had they no servant?"

"No, sir, no regular servant. Mother used to do the cleaning twice a week. Mother's very sorry they be gone. They was good to mother."

"How long had they lived there?"

"Nigh upon a year."

"And the lady was Mr. Foy's sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now take me to your mother." The girl looked wistfully at the jug.

"If you please, I was to fetch father's beer, sir."

"I see. And if you don't, father will be angry."

"Yes, sir."

"Then you shall go; but first tell me where your mother lives."

The child pointed down Lawson Lane. "It's the last cottage, sir."

"All right."

Just where the lane straggled off into plowed fields and open country there was a row of laborers' cottages, and in the last of these Mr. Leworthy found a plaintive woman with a child in her arms, who owned to being the mother of the small girl with the jug.

The vicar wasted no time in preliminaries. He seated himself on an almost bottomless chair, and with his stout umbrella planted between his knees, interrogated the matron thus:

"You used to work for Mr. Foy and his sister. What do you know about them?"

"Only that they paid me honorable for what work I did, sir. I'm bound to up and say that, whoever asks me."

"Good. Did they live happily together as—brother and sister?"

Here the matron began to hesitate. She shifted her baby from one arm to the other. She gave a deprecating cough.

"I see—they quarreled sometimes." "I never seen 'em, sir, for I scarce ever see Mr. Foy. He was off to Grandchester before I went of a morning, and he didn't come back till after I left. I used to go for the half day, you see, sir—not the whole day. But I don't think the young lady was quite happy in her mind. I've seen her fretting; and people will talk, you see, sir—neighbors next door to Rose Cottage have heard them at high words, in summer time when the winders was

all open, or when they was in the garden."

"I see. Had the sister been long ill?"

"No, sir, not above a month."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Well, sir, I can't say azactly. It was a sort of wasting sickness, like. She couldn't keep nothing on her stomach, of late, poor dear; and she had pains that racked her, and used to complain of a burning feel in her throat; out of sorts altogether, as you may say. I believe it all came from fretting."

"Why did she fret so much? Was her brother every unkind to her?"

"No, sir. I don't think it was his unkindness that worried her. But he used to keep very late hours—hardly ever coming home till the last train, and that worried her. Not that he was ever the worse for drink. He was the soberest young man as ever was, but she was of a jealous disposition, and she thought that he was out enjoying himself with other people used to prey on her mind."

"That was hardly fair, if he treated her kindly when he was at home. A sister has no right to be jealous of a brother."

"Perhaps, not, sir, but jealous she was, and fret she did. 'I've nobody but him in the world, Mrs. Moff,' she said—my name being Moff—and I can't bear him to be always away. There was a time when he spent all his evenings at home. And then tears would roll down her poor holler cheeks, and it went to my 'cart to see her so miserable. I had a feller-feelin' you see, sir, for I know how it worrits me when my master stops late at the 'Coach and Horses' on a Saturday night."

"Ah, but it's different with a husband. A wife has a right to be exacting, not a sister. Now, tell me how they left the place, and all about it. I'm interested in this poor girl, and perhaps I may be able to befriend her. Where did they go?"

"He was going to take her to some place near the sea, on the other side of Grandchester, and a good way off. The name has gone clean out of my head. He was very kind to her from the time she fell ill. She told me so with her own lips. 'Gaston was never so kind to me in all his life,' she says. He fancied it was the air here that didn't agree with her, she told me, and it is rather a relaxing air, here, sir. I feel it so sometimes, myself, and if it wasn't for my drop of beer I should go off in a dead faint."

"What kind of a young woman was Miss Foy? Was she like her brother?"

"No, sir, she was not. I never laid eyes on a brother and sister more un-similar. She had been very pretty, there's no denying that, but her nervous, worriting ways had that worn and preyed upon her that she was old and 'aggard before her time. She had light brown hair, and a fair skin and blue eyes, and I dessay she had been a pretty figure before she wasted away like, but her 'ealth were never good from the time I knew her."

"Did you see her the day she went away?" asked the vicar.

"It wasn't a day, sir. She went late at night, by the last train to Grandchester. She was to sleep in Grandchester, and go on to the seaside next morning; and I do say that it wasn't the right thing for a young person in her state of 'ealth to travel late on a winter's night. But there, poor feller, it wasn't his fault, for he had to be at the office all day."

"She was wrapped up warmly, I suppose?"

"Yes, she wore a thick Scotch plaid shawl that he bought her the winter before."

"Black and red?" said the vicar.

"Black and red," assented the woman, with some astonishment. "One would think you'd seen it, sir."

"I told you I was interested in the young lady," answered the vicar, vaguely.

He took out his memorandum book and wrote down the date and hour of the young woman's removal from Rose Cottage. She had left in the one cab that plied between Parminster village and the Parminster Road Station. The cabman could be forthcoming if he were wanted, Mrs. Moff suggested.

Mr. Leworthy rewarded this worthy woman with a crown piece, half of which he stipulated was to be given to the little girl when she came home from her errand, and then he walked briskly back to the station, which was a good half mile from Lawson Lane. He was lucky enough to get a train in less than half an hour, and he was back in Grandchester at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here he took a cab and drove straight to Mr. Brockbank's office, to whom he imparted all he had done.

"Upon my soul, you're a clever fellow, vicar!" cried the lawyer; "you ought to have been something better than a parson."

"You mean I ought to have been something that pays better. Now, look here, Brockbank, you must start off to Milldale by the first train, and get the coroner to order a post-mortem. No post-mortem necessary, forsooth, said that fool of a local surgeon, because the immediate cause of death was obviously laudanum. Why, it's clear to my mind, from what I've heard to-day, that this poor creature was slowly due to death by arsenic, and that the dose of laudanum was only given to the last to accelerate the end."

Mr. Brockbank saw the force of this argument, and looked at once to his railway timetable.

"There's a train at 4:30," he said; "I

can go by that. And now what are you going to do?"

"I shall call on Mr. Umpleby and try and stop to-morrow's wedding."

"What motive can this Foy have had for getting rid of his sister?" speculated the lawyer.

"Very little, I should imagine, for getting rid of a sister. But what if the young woman was something more difficult to dispose of than a sister? What if she was his wife? These two young people lived quite alone in a country lane. It was easy for them to live as man and wife, yet pass for brother and sister. The char-woman's account shows that she was jealous and unhappy. She fretted on account of Foy's late hours. They were overheard quarreling. Take my word for it, Brockbank, that unfortunate woman was a wife—a wife to whom Mr. Foy grew mortally tired when he found that it was on the cards to marry Miss Umpleby, with a handsome dowry, and the prospect of rapid advancement in the house. Now I want you to set one of your clerks at work, without an hour's delay, to hunt up evidence of such a marriage, either in a church or at a registry office."

"It shall be done," said Brockbank. "Anything more?"

"Only this much: I have written an advertisement which will appear to-morrow in three local dailies."

He read the draft of his advertisement.

"This may bring us information as to the next stage in that poor young woman's journey after she left Parminster," he said.

"Possibly. You are really a genius at the art of hunting a criminal."

"No, sir, I am only thorough. I would do a good deal more than this to help anyone I love. Now I'm off. I dare say you've some business to get through before you start for Milldale."

"Only half a dozen letters to dictate," answered the lawyer, lightly, and then he put his lips to a speaking tube and gave an order.

"Send up the shorthand clerk, and have a cab at the door at quarter past four."

CHAPTER V.

R. LEWORTHY went back to Kibble & Umpleby's and asked if Mr. Umpleby was on the premises. No, Mr. Umpleby had left half an hour ago, to return to the bosom of his family in Tolkington Park.

Happily for the eager vicar, Tolkington Park was an adjoining suburb, where those well-to-do citizens of Grandchester who did not like the labor of daily railroad journeys contented themselves with a semi-urban retirement in villas of their own building, amidst shrubberies of their own planting, overlooking the town and most formal of public parks. It had long been a grief to the female Umplebys that, where other merchants' families of wealth and standing had Gothic mansions or Italian palaces set in richly wooded landscapes, remote from the smoke of the city, they had only the stereotyped surroundings of a thickly populated suburb, and were in nowise better off than their next-door neighbors.

A cab with a horse of his own choosing drove Mr. Leworthy to the utmost limit of Tolkington Park in less than half an hour. He found the Umpleby mansion, which was called Mount Lebanon, although the ground on which it stood was as flat as a pancake, and there was not a cedar within a mile. It was a substantial, square house, with bay windows, a broad flight of steps, grandiose iron railings, painted dark blue, and surmounted with gilded pineapples, and an all-pervading glare of plate glass windows.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A HUNGARIAN DELICACY.

Very Expensive but Rather Disgusting to the Traveler.

The head waiter, to tempt me, as I came in, passed me with a live thing flopping on a plate—it was a fish this time, just out of the water—and stopped just long enough to allow me a rapid glance at its beauty, says Harper's Magazine. I at first supposed that some lucky line had but a moment before drawn it struggling from the lake, and that it was then being taken to die elsewhere. It was only when I overheard the minute instructions for its immediate and proper serving—it was passed on to an epicure at the next table to mine—that I was undeceived, and it was not long before I discovered that such fish formed one of the chief attractions of the place. I then began to watch, from where I sat, the small boy who, in the center of the cafe, presided over the fountain under the blazing gas jets, dipping his net into the marble-lined pool, chasing the dodging fish round and round, until some unlucky victim of the right size slipped into the mesh and was flopped wriggling on a plate. The sight had rather dulled my appetite. I would as soon have ordered its mate as I would have thought of driving in a spring lamb and carving out a brace of chops while the little fellow waited. I had the curiosity, however, to inquire the price of this gastronomical luxury. It equaled that of two bottles of extra dry—the price being the same to commoners and to kings.

Truth Is Always Mighty.

He—I wish I dared kiss you. She—Really? Did you ever kiss a girl? He—Never; I swear it. She—Then you may kiss me. Under such circumstances a man who will lie like that is to be trusted.